

## Under Merciless Attack Paul Beattie Holds His Own



TOM WREN. L. O. WENDENBURG. H. M. SMITH, JR.



JOHN SANDIFER.

LUTHER WELLS.

PAUL BEATTIE. Photos by W. W. Foster.



FRANK MASON.

JUROR FETTEROLF.



CROWDS AT DINNER.



### ANSWERS MARTIN BY READING MORE RAILROAD LETTERS

Jones Produces Documents Signed by Senior Senator Which He Declares Give the Lie to His Statements in Richmond Speech and Will Drive Him From U. S. Senate Forever.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent.)

Petersburg, Va., August 29.—Three letters signed by Senator Thomas S. Martin, which Congressman William A. Jones, in his speech here to-night, said should and probably would drive him from the United States Senate, constituted the meat of the latter's address here to-night.

One of these letters deals presumably with Senator Martin's original race for the Senate, and another refers to the "gang" and the "third estate," which Mr. Jones says existed at the State Capitol.

The third and most important letter refers to Representative H. D. Flood's supposed friendship for the railroads and to railroads generally. Near the conclusion, without specific reference, it says: "My interest is so deep in the matter."

The Letters Read by Mr. Jones.

Following are the letters which bear the signature of Senator Martin, together with one bearing the signature of J. S. B. Thompson, addressed to General T. M. Logan, which was also read by Mr. Jones, and the letter of transmittal from Malcolm Griffin, an attorney of Bedford City:

Confidential. Scottsville, Va., June 14, 1893.

W. A. Glasgow, Jr., Esq., Roanoke, Va.: Dear Glasgow,—Since writing to you on yesterday I learned from Major Hill that he saw M. C. Thomas in Richmond a few days ago, and that he stated that he had not yet determined whether he would be a candidate for the State Senate or for the House, but that he would certainly be a candidate for one or the other.

Would it be possible to bring it about that Thomas and his friends will make the way smooth for Allen Watts to go to the Senate, and let Thomas be returned to the House, on an understanding that Watts will support me after Hutton is out, or, say, Hutton for the short term and myself for the full term? If Watts is not per se antagonistic to me, he might, perhaps, fall into such a channel, if it were brought to him so delicately as not to antagonize him. Of course it would not do to make any suggestion on that line in the nature of a bargain or deal, but the matter might possibly take such shape as to result in that way.

I make this suggestion simply that it may be called into use if at any time it is found expedient. I am sure that you can get the aid of J. W. Marshall, of Craig City, to work on that line or on any other line helpful to myself.

Your friend, THOMAS S. MARTIN.

Scottsville, Va., June 4, 1894.

W. N. Glasgow, Jr., Esq., Roanoke, Va.: Dear Glasgow,—Your letter of the 30th ultimo came duly to hand. I am very sorry to hear that you have been sick. I expect that the dissipation of last winter would make serious inroads on your constitution, but as you held up so long after the third estate had been disbanded I had almost concluded that I had underrated your strength. It turns out that Barbour Thompson, Hal Flood and "the gang" were too much for you.

Why not come down to Albemarle as soon as you are well enough to get out and recuperate? I will get some of the boys to meet you if you will come, and will guarantee you comfort and quiet retirement in the country. Try and arrange to come down, giving me a few days' notice, and I think we can vamp you up. As young as you are you ought to have some recuperative power, however badly wrecked you may be.

I was with Flood at Buckingham Courthouse on Saturday. He is working away quietly but energetically on his canvass, and will give "Little Harry" serious trouble. I am sure Flood would join you at my house, and I think the "young man with his hair parted in the middle" would do the same. Let me hear from you.

Your friend, THOMAS S. MARTIN.

Richmond, Va., October 23, 1895.

Mr. William A. Glasgow, Jr., Attorney-at-Law, Roanoke, Va.: Dear Glasgow,—I have just read your telegram of the 22d to Henry Wickham. Henry is out in his counties canvassing. It is, as you know, of the utmost importance that something should be done for the close districts, particularly the senatorial districts. If your company holds back I do not see how we can get along. Flood, for instance, writes me that he is in a close fight. Your friends have always been able to rely on Flood, and he has had to bear some unpopularity on account of his supposed friendship for railroads. If he is deserted now, what can be expected of him in the future? I mention him only because of your special familiarity with his legislative course—there are many others of the same sort. What is to become of our friend Brought? Do your people desire no leader or friends in the House at all? Flood's opponent, Mr. R. T. Hubbard, is one of the most extreme Populists in the State, with talent, energy and enterprise enough to give a great deal of trouble. Mr. W. K. Flanagan, who is opposing F. H. Parrish in the Gloucester-Chesterfield-Powhatan District, is the same sort of man. His business for the past ten years has been demagoguing against railroads. Should such men as this get into the Legislature they will start measures and demagogues to such an extent as to demoralize the Democrats who desire to be conservative and just to corporate interests. Adding the fact that those heretofore conservative will feel that they have been abandoned, I will expect one of the most revolutionary Legislatures that has ever been convened in this State. If you will look over the list of House nominees you will find a very obscure lot. With what animus they will

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### STEAMER AGROUND IN JAMES RIVER

Pocahontas, With 314 People Aboard, Unable to Reach City Until To-Day.

PASSENGERS IN NO DANGER

Captain Reports That Vessel Cannot Move From Mud Until High Water.

With 314 people, mainly women and children, aboard the steamer Pocahontas, Captain D. C. Graves, went aground last night about 10 o'clock a few miles this side of Dutch Gap. It was said this morning at 2 o'clock by local representatives that the vessel was in no danger, and that she would be floated at high tide, about 7 A. M. The boat had been chartered for the evening by the Sunday school of the Randolph Street Baptist Church for the purpose of conducting a moonlight excursion to Dutch Gap. She left her dock at 8:45, and was scheduled to return at 11.

Can't Move Till 7 A. M. When she had not returned at midnight friends and relatives of those aboard became alarmed, and fears were allayed by inquiries at the dock of the Old Dominion Steamship Company. An officer of the stranded vessel had communicated with Richmond by means of the long distance telephone.

On account of the rain and wind, difficulty was encountered in talking with him, but it was learned that the Pocahontas had gone aground at 10 o'clock, and that it would be impossible to get her into deep water until flood tide. There was no danger, it was said. Aside from these, information concerning the accident was meagre.

Nobody in Danger. Though it was admitted that an uncomfortable night would be spent by the passengers, it was said that there were sufficient accommodations to give good sleeping quarters to most of the women and children.

The vessel at all times carries a well-stocked larder, but not anticipating any demands upon it, it was said that what there was to be eaten by the passengers would have to be carefully distributed for breakfast this morning.

Alarmed parents and frightened sisters and brothers made frequent calls at the office of The Times-Dispatch this morning concerning the Pocahontas. Rev. W. E. Robertson is pastor of Randolph Street Baptist Church.

### DECLARES ATTACK IS UNCALLED FOR

Speaker Clark Accuses President Taft of Not Stating Facts.

REFERS TO TARIFF BILLS

Gladly Accepts Gage of Battle, and Expects Indorsement of People.

Speaker Clark on Taft

If the tariff board is to be used as a pretext for delaying tariff revision downward, the Democrats will cut off its supplies.

I accept his onslaught as a badge of honor.

He seems to have been in a bad temper because he sees defeat staring him in the face.

I cannot, and will not permit his personal strictures and his bald misstatements of historical facts to go unchallenged.

The insurgents are able to take care of themselves. They will no doubt take up the cudgels in their own behalf.

The President's criticism of the Democrats is absolutely uncalled for, and is an ungrateful performance as I can remember.

If any politics was played on reciprocity, the President himself played it—personal at that.

He stands for a handful of protected tariff barons, and by his veto (of the wool bill) enables them to continue to levy unjust and exorbitant tribute upon the consumers of the land.

Quincy, Ill., August 29.—Cham Clark, Speaker of the National House of Representatives, before leaving here early to-day, replied emphatically to President Taft's speech, delivered at Hamilton, Mass., last Saturday. In a signed interview the Speaker accused the President of not stating facts.

Mr. Clark declared among other things that if the Tariff Board is to be used as a pretext for delaying tariff revision downward, the Democrats would cut off its supplies.

"The President essayed the rather large 'stunt' of running amuck on both the Democrats and the insurgent Republicans in Congress, singling out Mr. Chairman Underwood and myself particularly as Democratic targets," said Mr. Clark. "I accept his onslaught as a badge of honor."

In a Bad Temper. "The President and I are personal friends. He is an amiable gentleman, but at the time he seems to have been in a bad temper because he sees defeat staring him in the face. I would

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### STORM TAKES TOLL OF FIFTEEN LIVES

Score or More Others Injured During Hurricane at Charleston.

CITY STEADILY RECOVERING

Much Suffering and Danger of Sickness in Low-Lying Sections.

Charleston S. C., August 29.—Additional reports from the country surrounding Charleston received to-night bring the list of dead as a result of the terrific storm of Sunday night up to fifteen. This list is expected to be enlarged when reports are received from the more remote sea islands. Conservative estimates place the property damage in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000. The revised list of the dead follows:

Alonso J. Coburn, Southern Railway engineer.  
John Morgan, white.  
Rose Robinson, white.  
Mrs. M. Goodson, Waycross, Ga.  
Charles Goodson, Waycross, Ga.  
E. V. Cutler, Charleston.  
Robert E. Smith, Columbia, S. C.  
Mrs. G. Richter, Charleston.  
Mary Richter, Charleston.  
Lillian Stender, Charleston.

Four unknown negro men and one negro woman, unknown.

Charleston is steadily recovering from the disastrous result of the hurricane. A large force of laborers is cleaning the debris-strewn streets. Train service is approaching the normal. As far as can be ascertained 11 human lives were lost in Charleston county, and a score or more of people injured. The property damage amounts to at least \$1,000,000. Shipping has suffered, but it is impossible at this time to fix the loss in dollars. Scores of launches have broken away, and efforts are being exerted to catch them. In the low lying sections there is much suffering, and the danger of sickness because of the storm is said to be great. Heavy rains last night increased the heights of the water in the streets, many lower floors being inundated, with loss to householders. The Red Cross Society has volunteered to render any financial assistance that might be needed.

The telegraph and telephone companies are striving to get their wires into working order.

Saved by Change of Wind. Plunging towards certain destruction on the beach of Hunting Island, in the midst of the hurricane that swept the Carolina coast on Sunday night and Monday, the City of Limer Apache, with 125 passengers

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### PRISONER'S COUSIN HANGS FIRMLY ON TO CONFESSION STORY

Nervous and Ill at Ease, Contradicting Some of Inquest Testimony, Witness Yet Stands Firm Where Main Facts Are Concerned—Little Boy Stirs Up a Hornet's Nest—Defense Begins To-Day.

BY JOSEPH F. GEISINGER.

Out of the crucible Paul Beattie came, staggering under the shock of the defense's violent but vain assault, hanging on like grim death to his strange story of confession of the monstrous crime. Into the spotlight then stepped, sharp as a ferret, a sixteen-year-old slip of a boy, and, with the wit of a seer, matched words with his seniors, easily holding his own, and finally settling all the great Commonwealth's plans awry. The State did not rest; the court was forced into adjournment a full hour ahead of time. It was a lad's fault; but he jumped unconcernedly from the witness chair and was soon running errands about the courthouse again.

Shifting scenes mark the Chesterfield stage just now. Hour by hour the perspective alters, some new figure marching across the view or some old setting shrinking back, while a fresh sensation comes and goes. If any actor in the great drama, beyond the prisoner himself, manages to grip interest and hold it fast in spite of all else, Paul Beattie, and he alone, is that one. The two cousins loom large upon the eye, from opposite sides, and unchallenged take the centre, with everything else revolving round about. Otherwise all is changing, swiftly, almost from moment to moment. In the distance the death chair stands perilously near. Haggard and worn, the prisoner now plainly shows the strain. The crowd looks on fascinated. Can he turn back the tide? The defense begins to speak to-day.

Paul Stands Firm on Main Story.

Not all the merciless hammering of a brilliant and scornful lawyer could shake Paul Beattie yesterday. Hundreds had feared collapse, perhaps another wild, hysterical scene. Nothing like this came. In his great hour of stress the boy did not fall the State. Anything this side of complete rout would have satisfied the thousands who looked to see him crushed beneath the storm. But he did even more than merely save his neck. When, dodging the glaring eye of his cousin within the bar, he finally slipped from the room, his chief story stood unchanged by even a syllable. With tottering limbs but firm voice, he went his way, and many now believe that all of Henry Beattie's hope was with him.

That Paul came forth unscathed no one could say. Smith was at him like a tiger again as soon as court began, and the witness often felt the stinging slap and winced. Nervously chewing his bit of gum, wriggling and twisting upon his seat, shifting his gaze here and there, he was at times not an attractive picture of a man. He could give no explanation of why many of his statements now should contradict many he had furnished the coroner weeks ago. All he knew was that then he was in an "awful state" and that his mind was not clear. For that matter, few will deny this. Raving like a maniac, Paul Beattie, muttering a confession of the gun purchase, was carried from the coroner's lawn straight to a hospital ward. A deadly fear had sapped his puny strength. To clear himself and spare his wife and child, he told enough to escape the net, and held in his breast the rest—until a lonely cell taught him duty. This is his story now.

As he sat before the court and haltingly met the shrewd thrusts from the bar, he won some sympathy out of the very ferocity of the attack upon him. At times rank stupidity blanked his ashy face. Self-pity for his low estate shook his voice now and then. Occasionally there was a touch of the pathetic, particularly when he summed up his little stock of knowledge and of worldly goods. He groped vainly for the meaning of a simple word. There had been nothing like it in his fourth reader, and he could not answer the question. A sickly sentimentality spoiled a sentence or two. When he spoke again of the thing he had done to his own flesh and blood his lips trembled. Before him, brandishing the bluegown, stood Smith, and behind him a prof. Wendenburg. Over his head these two finally began to pound each other. There were many sharp clashes of this sort. The court had to take a hand at last. Counsel, still keen for the retort, were ultimately, after much diplomacy, held down by the judge's firm hand.

Cousin to Be Pitted Against Cousin.

When the worst is said, however, Paul Beattie, weakling as he is and dolt, perhaps, though more, it would appear, from misfortune than fault, made the State's best witness after all. Minor entanglements and small discrepancies will be forgotten in the light of the gun purchase story, the message to Beulah and the sensational confession. To them he stuck firmly. These are before the jury, and must be battered down before the prisoner can hope again. The State has no fear that it will ever be done. The defense, at all events, will make the attempt, and declares itself confident. It will be cousin against cousin. Henry Beattie will go on the stand now and fight his own cause. Positive announcement was made in open court yesterday.

On the street corner Paul remains the topic of the hour. There are still some who strongly disbelieve, but the majority on the other side has grown since yesterday. The defense failed to follow the attack along some expected lines. It may be concealing its real hand as yet. Perhaps its purpose stands revealed in one question put in the course of the day:

"Did you not say to the chauffeur on your way to the hospital that you

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